

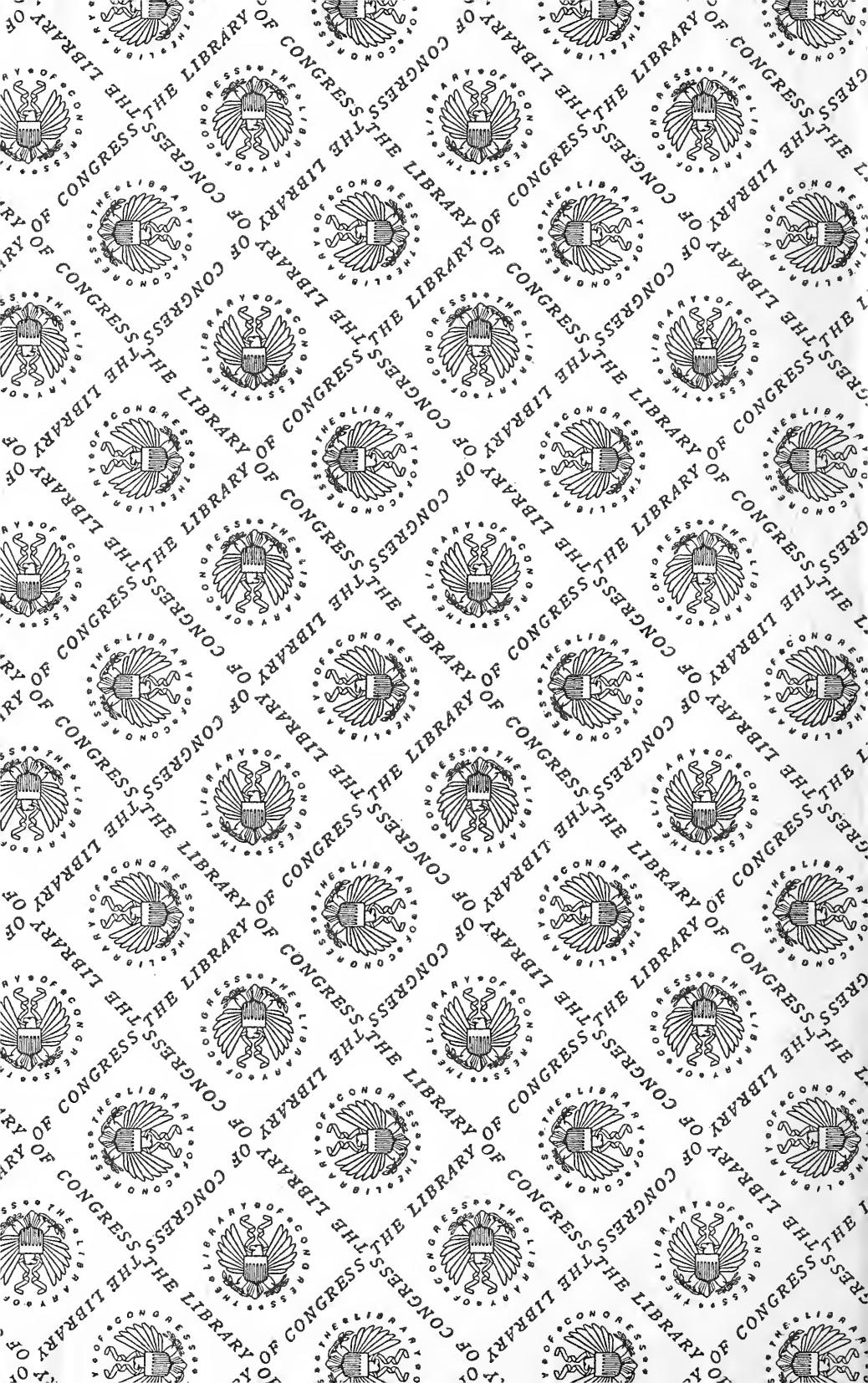
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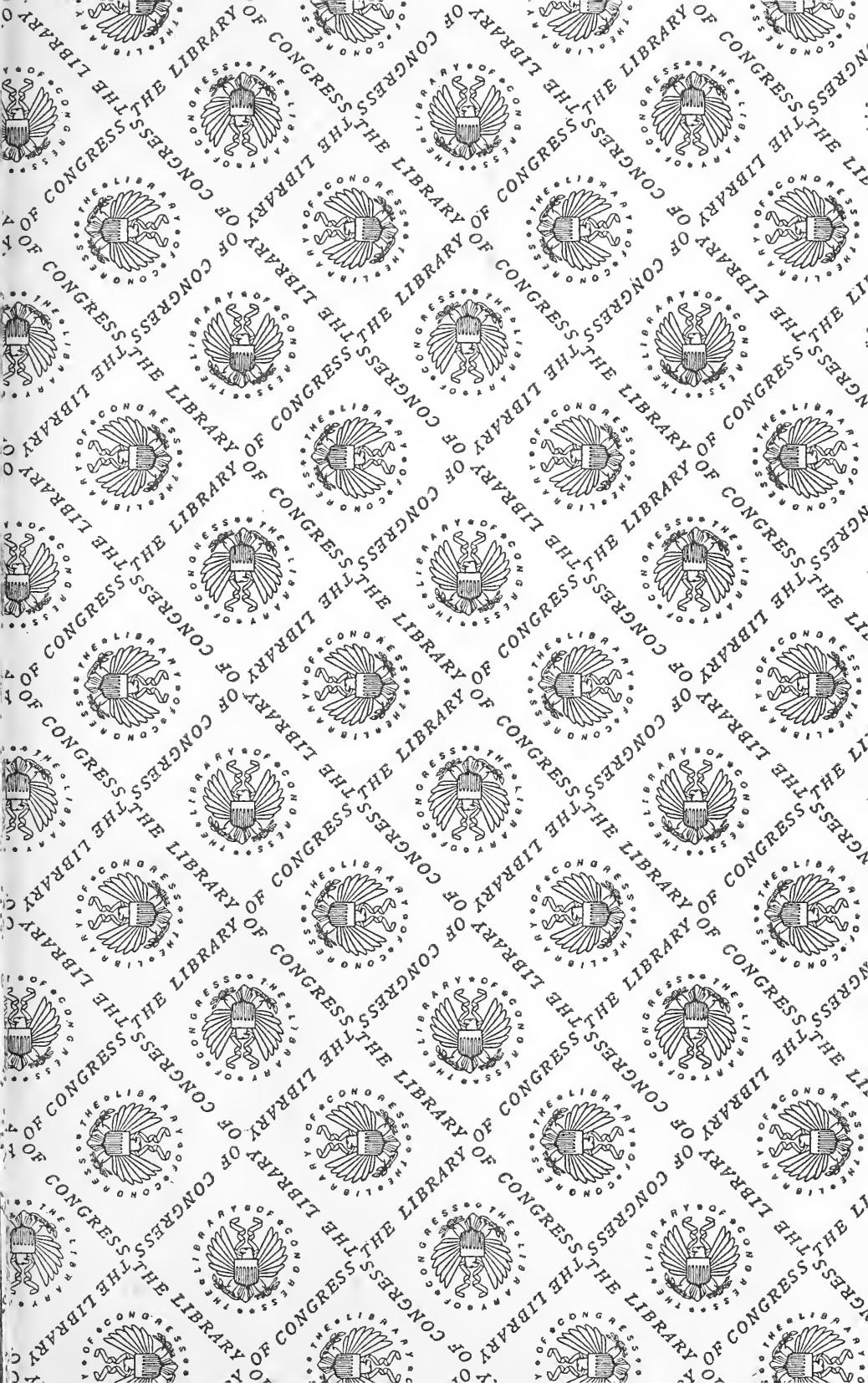
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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

✓ BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ARRANGED FOR ACTING

BY

KYRLE BELLEW.



CHARLES D. KOPPEL, Publisher, 115 & 117 Nassau Street,
NEW YORK.

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Mrs. Potter as "Cleopatra."



Mr. Kyrie Bellew as "Marc Antony."



PREFACE.

In shaping “Anthony and Cleopatra” (Shakespeare’s “most wonderful” “historical play” as Coleridge calls it) for the stage—it has been my earnest endeavor to meet the exigencies of present-day dramatic representation, and, at the same time, what, I know, are the requirements of the student and scholar.

I have tried to profit by former criticisms of the play and the impressions left with me after studying closely the various Shakespearean commentators.

“Age cannot wither, nor custom stale” the “infinite variety” of our greatest poet’s historical masterpiece, which in any form must command admiration, interest and wonder.

No play of Shakespeare’s creates a profounder impression of his greatness. It’s quantity and variety of characterization—it’s energy of style—it’s magic force and beauty of diction kindle imagination and set the mind aglow.

It is with diffidence and respect I submit this acting version of “Anthony and Cleopatra” to the public.

KYRLE BELLEW.

Produced for the first time at Palmer's Theatre, New York, January 8th, 1889, under the management of Messrs. Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, with the following

C A S T.

MARC ANTONY	Triumvirs to Rome	Mr. KYRLE BELLEW
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR		Mr. IAN ROBERTSON
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS	Friends to Antony	Mr. DELOS KING
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS		Mr. HENRY EDWARDS
EROS	Friends to Cæsar	Mr. SIDNEY BOWKETT
CANIDIUS		Mr. W. J. HURLEY
EUPHRONIUS, a Schoolmaster	Attendants on Cleopatra	Mr. G. W. STEVENS
MŒCENAS		Mr. LIVINGSTON
AGRIPPA	Attendants on Cleopatra	Mr. HENRY HOLLAND
PROCULEIUS		Mr. C. MARRIOTT
THYREUS	Cleopatra	Mr. B. F. HORNING
GALLUS, a Centurion		Mr. GEO. JAMES
ALEXAS	Attendants on Cleopatra	Mr. VINCENT STERNROYD
MARDIAN		Mr. J. B. NORTH
DIOMEDES	Attendants on Cleopatra	Mr. EDWIN A. ROYLE
A SOOTHSAYER		Mr. B. F. HORNING
A MESSENGER	Cleopatra	Mr. F. MAYER
A CLOWN		Mr. CHAS. W. BUTLER
CHARMIAN	Cleopatra	MISS HELEN BANCROFT
IRAS		Miss ALICE BUTLER
CYRRHA	Cleopatra	MISS EDITH LITCHFIELD
LYBIA		Miss KATE LESTER

AND

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt Mrs. POTTER

Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

PERIOD: 40 B. C. to 30 B. C.

SCENE: Partly in Rome, partly in Egypt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROME. (OCTAVIUS CAESAR, LEPIDUS, AND ATTENDANTS.)

CAES. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Caesar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall find there
A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow

LEP. I must not think, there are
Evils enow to darken *all* his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

CAES. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. (*Enter a Messenger.*)

LEP. Here's more news.

MESS. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Caesar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;

And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Caesar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

CAES. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

MESS. Caesar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

CAES. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; who thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

LEP. 'Tis pity of him.

CAES. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

LEP. To-morrow, Caesar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

CAES. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

LEP. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

CAES. Doubt not, sir. (Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—ALEXANDRIA.

PHILO. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, renegades all temper,
Look, where they come.

(Enter Antony and Cleopatra with their trains.)

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a fool: behold and see.

CLEO. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

ANT. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEO. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

ANT. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

(Enter Enobarbus.)

ENO. News, my good lord, from Rome.

ANT. Grates me:—the sum.

CLEO. Nay, hear them, Antony;
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent,
His powerful mandate to you, “Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.”

ANT. How, my love?

CLEO. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer: Your dismission
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say? both?
Call in the messengers. (Exit Enobarbus.)

As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blush of thine

Is Caesar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers!

ANT. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

CLEO. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

ANT. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

CLEO. Hear the ambassadors.

ANT. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd,
No messengers! but thine, and all alone.
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen!
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.

(*Exeunt Antony and Cleopatra, with their train.*)

DFM. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

PHILO. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

DEM. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow.

(*Exeunt.*)

CHAR. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost
most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you
praised so to the queen? O! that I knew this husband.

ALEX. Soothsayer!

SOOTII. Your will?

CHAR. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

SOOTH. In nature's infinite book of secrecy a little I can read.

ALEX. Show him your hand. *(Enter Enobarbus.)*

ENO. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's Health to drink.

CHAR. Good sir, give me good fortune.

SOOTH. I make not, but foresee.

CHAR. Pray then, foresee me one.

SOOTH. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

CHAR. He means, in flesh.

IRAS. No, you shall paint when you are old.

CHAR. Wrinkles forbid!

ALEX. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

CHAR. Hush!

SOOTH. You shall be more beloveling, than belov'd.

CHAR. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

ALEX. Nay, hear him.

CHAR. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to Three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all.

SOOTH. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

CHAR. O, excellent! I love long life better than figs.

SOOTH. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune, Than that which is to approach.

CHAR. Out fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Nay, come; tell Iras hers.

ALEX. We'll know all our fortunes.

ENO. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed. Hush! here comes Antony.

(Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.)

MESS. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field. Against my brother Lucius.

ANT. Well, what worst?

MESS. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

ANT. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On: Labienus

MESS. (This is stiff news) hath with his Parthian force Extended Asia from Euphrates; His conquering banner shook, from Syria To Lydia, and to Ionia: whilst—

ANT. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

MESS. O, my lord!

ANT. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue; Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome; Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. Fare thee well awhile.

MESS. At your noble pleasure.

ANT. From Sicyon, ho, the news!

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage. (*Enter another Messenger.*)
What are you?

2d MESS. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

ANT. Where died she?

2d MESS. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

ANT. Forbear me.— (*Exit Messenger.*)
There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it.
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.
How now?

Enobarbus! (*Re-enter Enobarbus.*)

ENO. What's your pleasure, sir?

ANT. I must with haste from hence.

ENO. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal
an unkindness is to them: if they suffer our departure,
death's the word.

ANT. I must be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity
to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and
a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra,
catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do
think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving
act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning past man's thought.

ENO. Alack, sir! no; her passions are made of nothing but the
finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and
waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tem-
pests than almanacs can report; this cannot be cunning
in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as
Jove.

ANT. Would I had never seen her.

ENO. O, sir! you had left unseen a wonderful piece of work;
which not to have been blessed withal, would have dis-
credited your travel.

ANT. Fulvia is dead.
ENO. Sir?
ANT. Fulvia is dead.
ENO. Fulvia?
ANT. Dead.
ENO. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleasest their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat; and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.
ANT. The business she hath broached in the state cannot endure my absence.
ENO. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.
ANT. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
ENO. I shall do it. (Exitunt.)
(Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.)
CLEO. Where is he?
CHAR. I did not see him since.
CLEO. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you.—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.
(Exit Alexas.)
CHAR. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
CLEO. What should I do, I do not?
CHAR. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
CLEO. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.
(Enter Antony.)
CHAR. But here comes Antony.
CLEO. I am sick and sullen.

ANT. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.

CLEO. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

ANT. Now, my dearest queen,—

CLEO. Pray you, stand further from me.

ANT. What's the matter?

CLEO. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here:
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

ANT. The gods best know.—

CLEO. O! never was there queen
So mightily betray'd; yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

ANT. Cleopatra,—

CLEO. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia?

ANT. Most sweet queen,—

CLEO. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: no going then:—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

ANT. How now lady!

CLEO. I would I had thy inches,
Thou shouldst know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

ANT. Hear me, queen.

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords:
My more particular,
And that which most with you, should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

CLEO. Can Fulvia die?

ANT. She's dead, my queen.

See, when, and where she died.

CLEO. O most false love,
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

ANT. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier-servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

CLEO. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

ANT. My precious queen, forbear:
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

CLEO. So Fulvia told me.
I pray thee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look
Like perfect honour.

ANT. You'll heat my blood: no more.

CLEO. You can do better yet, but this is meetly.

ANT. Now, by my sword,—

CLEO. And target,—still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

ANT. I'll leave you, lady.

CLEO. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it:—
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

ANT. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

CLEO. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart,

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Your honour calls you hence;—
Therefore, be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory, and smoothe success
Be strew'd before your feet!

ANT.

Let us go. Come,
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away!

(*Exeunt.*)

A C T II.

SCENE I.—ROME. TERRACE OF LEPIDUS' HOUSE.

LEP. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captian
To soft and gentle speech.

ENO. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself; if Caesar move him,
Let Antony look over Caesar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars.

LEP. But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony. *(Enter Antony.)*

Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard.

CAES. Welcome to Rome.

ANT. Thank you.

CAES. Sit.

ANT. Sit sir?

CAES. Nay, then.

ANT. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so:
Or, being, concern you not.

CAES. I must be laugh'd at
If, or for nothing, or a little I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world.

ANT. My being in Egypt, Caesar,
What was't to you?

CAES. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet if you there
Did practice on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

ANT. How intend you, practic'd?

CAES. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

ANT. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted: then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day,
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

CAES. You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP. Soft, Caesar.

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak:
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Caesar;
The article of my oath.—

CAES. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them,
The which you both denied.

ANT. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

CAES. If I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

AGR. Give me leave, Caesar—

CAES. Speak, Agrippa.

AGR. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

CAES. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

ANT. I am not married, Caesar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

AGR. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife;

By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing:

Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

ANT. Will Caesar speak?

CAES. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

ANT. What power is in Agrippa
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

CAES. The power of Caesar, and
His power unto Octavia.

ANT. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

CAES. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly; let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

LEP. Happily, Amen!

ANT. Haste we for it.

CAES. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view.

(*Exeunt Caesar, Antony, Lepidus and Attendants.*)

MEC. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

ENO. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecaenas!—My honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Good Enobarbus!

AGR. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.
You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

ENO. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

MEC. Eight wild-boars roasted whole at breakfast, and but twelve persons there! is this true?

ENO. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

MEC. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

ENO. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

AGR. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

ENO. I will tell you.
 The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were love-sick with them; th' oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow fast,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—
 O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork Nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did.

AGR. O, rare for Antony!

ENO. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharves. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
 And made a gap in nature.

AGR. Rare Egyptian!

ENO. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

Invited her to supper: she replied,
 It should be better he became her guest;
 Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of no woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
 And for his ordinary pays his heart
 For what his eyes eat only.

Royal wench!

I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street;
 And, having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
 That she did make defect-perfection,
 And, breathless, power breathe forth.

MEC. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

ENO. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
 Her infinite variety: other women cloy
 The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
 Where most she satisfies;

MEC. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
 The heart of Antony, Octavia is
 A blessed lottery to him.

AGR. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
 Whilst you abide here.

ENO. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

(*Exeunt Enobarbus, Agrippa, and Mecaenas.*)
 (Enter a Soothsayer and Antony.)

ANT. Now, sirrah, you do wish yourself in Egypt?

SOOTH. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither.

ANT. If you can, your reason?

SOOTH. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
 hie you to Egypt again.

ANT. Say to me, whose fortunes shall rise higher, Caesar's or
 mine?

SOOTH. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
 Thy demon (that's thy spirit which keeps thee) is
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
 Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel
 Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore,
 Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
 If thou dost play with him at any game,
 Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens,
 When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
 But he away, 'tis noble.

ANT. Get thee gone. (*Exit Soothsayer.*)
 Be it art or hap,
 He has spoken true: the very dice obey him;
 And in our sports my better cunning faints
 Under his chance: I will to Egypt,
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I' the East my pleasure lies.

SCENE II.—ALEXANDRIA. A ROOM IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE.

CLEO. Charmian!

CHAR. Madam?

CLEO. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

CHAR. Why, Madam?

CLEO. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My Antony is away.

CHAR. You think of him too much.

CLEO. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he or sits he?
 Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
 The demi-Atlas of this earth, the armAnd burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old Nile?"

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.—

(*Enter Alexas.*)

ALEX. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

CLEO. How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

ALEX. Last thing he did, dear queen,

He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses—

This orient pearl.—His speech sticks in my heart.

CLEO. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

ALEX. “Good friend,” quoth he,
 “Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 “This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 “To mend the petty present I will piece
 “Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the East,
 “Say thou, shall call her mistress.” So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an arrogant steed,
 Who neigh’d so high that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb’d by him.

CLEO. What! was he sad or merry?

ALEX. Like to the time o’ the year between the extremes
 Of hot and cold: he was not sad, nor merry.

CLEO. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
 Note him, good Charmian, ’tis the man; but note him;
 He was not sad, for, he would shine on those
 That make their looks by his; he was not merry
 Which seem’d to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
 O heavenly mingle!—be’st thou sad, or merry,
 The violence of either thee becomes;
 So does it no man else.—Mett’st thou my posts?
 Aye, madam, twenty several messengers.

Why do you send so thick?

CLEO. Who’s born that day
 When I forget to send to Antony,
 Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
 Welcome, my good Alexas.—
 Get me ink and paper;
 He shall have every day a several greeting,
 Or I’ll unpeople Egypt.
 Give me some music; music, moody food
 Of us that trade in love.

IRAS. The music, ho!

CLEO. Let it alone! let us to billiards: come, Charmian!

CHAR. My arm is sore: best play with Mardian.

CLEO. I’ll none now.—

Give me mine angle,—

 We’ll to the river: there,
 My music playing far off, I will betray
 Tawny finn’d fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
 Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up,
 I’ll think them every one an Antony,
 And say, ah, ha, you’re caught.

CHAR.

'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

CLEO.

That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience, and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippa. *(Enter Messenger.)*

O! from Italy?—

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time hath been barren.

MESS.

Madam, Madam,—

CLEO.

Antonius dead? If thou say so, villian,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd and trembled kissing.

MESS.

First, Madam, he is well.

CLEO.

Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark: we use
To say, the dead are well; bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

MESS.

Will't please you hear me!

CLEO.

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold and hail,
Rich pearls upon thee.

MESS.

Madam, he's well.

CLEO.

Well said.

MESS.

And friends with Caesar.

CLEO.

Thou'rt an honest man.

MESS.

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

CLEO.

Make thee a fortune from me.

MESS.

But yet, madam—

CLEO.

I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet!"
Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear
The good and bad together:

He's friends with Caesar,
In state of health, thou say'st, and thou say'st free.

MESS. Free, madam? No; I made no such report;
Madam, he's married to Octavia.

CLEO. The most infectious pestilence upon thee.

MESS. Good Madam, patience.

CLEO. What say you?—
Hence, horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.
Thou shalt be whipped with wire; and stewed in brine
Smarting in lingering pickle.

MESS. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

CLEO. Rogue! Thou hast liv'd too long.

MESS. Nay, then I'll run. (Exit.)
CHAR. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.

CLEO. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile; and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again.
Though I am mad, I will not bite him.—Call!!!

CHAR. He is afraid to come.

CLEO. I will not hurt him.—

(Exit Charmian.)

These hands do lack nobility, that they do strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—

(Re-enter Charmian and Messenger.)

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news.

MESS. I have done my duty.

CLEO. Is he married?

MESS. Should I lie, Madam?

CLEO. O! I would thou didst.

MESS. He is married to Octavia.

CLEO. Where?

MESS. Madam, in Rome.

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

CLEO. Is she as tall as me?

MESS. She is not, madam.

CLEO. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?

MESS. Madam, I heard her speak: she is low-voic'd.
 CLEO. That's not so good. He cannot like her long.
 CHAR. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
 CLEO. I think so, Charmian, dull of tongue and dwarfish!
 What majesty is in her gait, remember,
 If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

MESS. She creeps;
 Her motion and her station are as one:
 She shows a body rather than a life;
 A statue, than a breather.

CLEO. Is this certain?
 MESS. Or I have no observance.
 CHAR. Three in Egypt
 Cannot make better note.

CLEO. He's very knowing
 I do perceive't.—There's nothing in her yet.—
 The fellow has good judgment.

CHAR. Excellent.
 CLEO. Guess at her years, I pray thee.
 MESS. Madam,
 She was a widow—
 CLEO. Widow!!!—Charmian, hark.
 Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long, or round?
 MESS. Round, even to faultiness.
 CLEO. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
 Her hair, what color?

MESS. Brown, madam: and her forehead
 As low as she would wish it.

CLEO. There's gold for thee:
 Thou must not take my former sharpness ill,
 I will employ thee back again: I find thee
 Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;
 Our letters are prepar'd. *(Exit Messenger.)*

CHAR. A proper man.
 CLEO. Indeed he is so: I repent me much,
 That so I harried him. Why, me thinks, by him,
 This creature's no such thing.

CHAR. Nothing, madam.
 CLEO. The man has seen some majesty and should know.
 CHAR. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
 And serving you so long!

CLEO. All may be well enough.
 CHAR. I warrant you, Madam.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ROME. IN CAESAR'S HOUSE. (CAESAR, AGRIPPA, AND MECÆNAS.)

CAES. Contemning Rome, he has done all this; and more;
In Alexandria—here's the manner of 't—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd; unto her
He gave the establishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute Queen.

MEC. This in the public eye?

CAES. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings;
She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

MEC. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

AGR. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

CAES. The people know it, and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

AGR. Whom does he accuse?

CAES. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle; then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd; lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

AGR. Sir, this should be answer'd.

CAES. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
 I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
 That he his high authority abus'd,
 And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd
 I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
 And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
 Demand the like.

MEC. He'll never yield to that.
 CAES. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

SCENE II.—ANTONY'S CAMP, NEAR THE PROMONTORY OF ACTIUM.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
 And say'st it is not fit.

ENO. Well, is it, is it?

CLEO. If not denounced against us, why should not we
 Be there in person!

ENO. Well, I could reply:—

CLEO. What is't you say?

ENO. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
 Take from his heart, take from his brain, from's time
 What should not then be spar'd. He is already
 Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
 That Photinus, an eunuch, and your maids,
 Manage this war.—

CLEO. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot,
 That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
 And as the President of my kingdom will
 Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
 I will not stay behind.

ENO. Nay, I have done.

Here comes the emperor. (*Enter Antony and Canidius.*)

ANT. Is't not strange, Canidius,
 That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
 He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea
 And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, sweet?

CLEO. Celerity is never more admir'd,
 Than by the negligent.

ANT. A good rebuke
 Which might have well becom'd the best of men
 To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
 Will fight with him by sea.

CLEO. By sea! What else?

CAN. Why will my lord do so?

ANT. For that he dares us to 't.

ENO. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight?

ANT. By sea, by sea.

ENO. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
 The absolute soldiership you have by land;
 The way which promises assurance and
 Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
 From firm security.

ANT. I'll fight at sea.

CLEO. I have sixty sails, Caesar none better.

ANT. Our over-plus of shipping will we burn;
 And with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
 Beat the approaching Caesar. But if we fail,
 We then can do't at land. (*Enter Messenger.*)

ENO. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
 Trust not to rotten planks: Let the Egyptians
 And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
 Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
 And fighting foot to foot.

ANT. Well—well—away:
 Canidius set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
 In eye of Caesar's battle: We'll to our ship
 Away my Thetis!

SCENE III.—CAESAR'S CAMP IN EGYPT.

(CAESAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, MECANAS, AND OTHERS.)

CAES. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
 (*Exit Messenger.*)

DOL. Know you him?
 Caesar, 'tis his school-master:
 An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
 He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
 Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
 Not many moons gone by. (*Enter Euphronius.*)

CAES. Approach, and speak!

EUPH. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
 I was of late as petty to his ends,
 As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
 To his grand sea.

CAES. Be't so. Declare thine office!

EUPH. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
 Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted
 He lessens his requests and to thee sues
 To let him breath between the heavens and earth
 A private man in Athens. This for him.
 Next Cleopatra does confess thy greatness,
 Submits her to thy might and of thee craves
 The circle of the Ptolomies for her heirs
 Now hazarded to thy grace.

CAES. For Antony,
 I have no ears to his request. The queen
 Of audience, nor desire, shall fail, so she
 From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
 Or take his life there: This if she perform,
 She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

EUPH. Fortune pursue thee!

CAES. Bring him through the bands.

(*Exit Euphronius.*)

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; despatch.
 From Antony win Cleopatra: promise
 And in our name, what she requires; add more
 From thine inventions, offers. Women are not
 In their best fortunes strong, but want will perjure
 The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
 Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
 Will answer as a law.

THYR. Caesar, I go.

CAES. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw.
 And what thou think'st his very actions speaks
 In every power that moves.

THYR. Caesar, I shall.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—CLEOPATRA'S PALACE. (ENO BARBUS.)

ENO. Naught, naught, all naught!
 The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
 With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
 To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

(*Enter Scarus.*)

SCAR. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

ENO. What's thy passion?

SCAR. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces—

Cleopatra!

(Whom leprosy o'ertake!) i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Hoist sails and flies.

ENO. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

SCAR. She once being loof'd
The noble ruin of her magic Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like the doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

ENO. Alack, alack!

(Enter *Antony and Attendants.*)

ANT. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come thither:
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever, I've a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Caesar.

ALL. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course
Which has no need of you.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon!
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—I'll see you by-and-by.

(Enter *Cleopatra, Charmian and Iras; Eros following.*)

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
IRAS. Do, most dear Queen.

CHAR. Do! why, what else?

CLEO. Let me sit down.—O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no!

EROS. See, you here, sir?
 ANT. O fie, fie, fie!
 CHAR. Madam,—
 IRAS. Madam, O good Empress,—
 EROS. Sir, sir,—
 ANT. Yes, my lord, yes.—He at Philippi kept
 His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
 The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
 That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
 Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
 In the brave squares of war: yet now—no matter.
 CLEO. Ah, stand by.
 EROS. The Queen, my lord, the Queen!
 IRAS. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
 He is unqualified with very shame.
 CLEO. Well then, sustain me.—O!
 EROS. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches:
 Her head's declined, and death will seize her, but
 Your comfort make the rescue.
 ANT. I have offended reputation,—
 A most un noble swerving.
 EROS. Sir, the Queen.
 ANT. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
 How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
 By looking back on what I have left behind
 Stroy'd in dishonour.
 CLEO. O my lord, my lord!
 Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
 You would have followed.
 ANT. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
 My heart was to thy rudder tied by th' strings,
 And thou shouldst tow me after; o'er my spirit
 Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
 Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
 Command me.
 CLEO. O, my pardon!
 ANT. Now I must
 To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
 And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
 With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
 Making and marring fortunes. You did know
 How much you were my conqueror; and that

My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.

CLEO. Pardon, pardon!

ANT. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: give me a kiss;
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. (*Exeunt.*)

CLEO. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

ENO. Think and die.

CLEO. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

ENO. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affections should not then
Have nick'd his captainship: at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

CLEO. Pr'ythee peace. (*Enter Antony with Euphronius.*)

ANT. Is that his answer?

EUPH. Ay, my lord.

ANT. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

EUPH. He says so.

ANT. Let her know't.
To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

CLEO. That head, my lord?

ANT. To him again. Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular. His coin ships, legends,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Caesar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me, declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it: follow me.

(*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*)

ENO. Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
 Unstake his happiness, and be staged to the show,
 Against a sworder!— *(Enter Attendant.)*
 ATT. A messenger from Caesar.

CLEO. What, no more ceremony?—see, my women!—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

ENO. Mine honesty and I begin to square.
 The loyalty well held to fools does make
 Our faith mere folly. I'll seek some way to leave him.
(Enter Thyreus.)

CLEO. Caesar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends: say boldly.

THYR. Thus then, thou most renown'd: Caesar entreats,
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
 Further than he is Caesar.

CLEO. Go on: right royal.

THYR. He knows, that you embrace not Antony.
 As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

CLEO. O!

THYR. The scars upon your honor, therefore he
 Does pity as constrained blemishes
 Not as deserv'd.

CLEO. He is a god and knows
 What is most right, mine honor was not yielded,
 But conquer'd merely.

ENO. To be sure of that,
 I will ask Antony.— *(Exit.)*

THYR. Shall I say to Caesar
 What you require of him? For he partly begs
 To be desir'd to give. It much would please him
 To hear from me you had left Antony,
 And put yourself under his shroud,
 The universal landlord.

CLEO. What's your name?

THYR. My name is Thyreus.

CLEO. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Caesar this: in disputation
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him I am prompt
 To lay my crown at's feet, and there to kneel:
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

THYR. 'Tis your noblest course
Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

CLEO. Your Caesar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place
As it rain'd kisses. (*Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.*)

ANT. Favours, my Jove, that thunders!—
What art thou fellow?

THYR. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest,
To have command obey'd.

ENO. You will be whipp'd.

ANT. Approach, there.—
Ay, you kite—now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth
And cry, "Your will?" have you no ears?

(*Enter Attendants.*)
I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack and whip him.

ENO. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

ANT. Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Caesar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of—she here (what's her name,)
Since she was Cleopatra?—Whip him, fellows,
Till like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

THYR. Mark Antony,—
Tug him away; being whipp'd,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Caesar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
Ha, ha, ha! (*Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.*)
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women to be abus'd,
By one that looks on feeders?

CLEO. Good, my lord,—
ANT. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't) the wise gods seal our eyes,

Make us adore our errors; laugh at us while we strut
To our confusion.

CLEO. O! Is it come to this?

ANT. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand, this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—

(*Re-enter Attendants with Thyreus.*)
Is he whipped?

1st ATT. Soundly, my lord.

ANT. Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thine entertainment, look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes! be gone! (Exit Thyreus.)

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack! out terrene moon
Is now eclips'd and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

CLEO. I must stay his time.

ANT. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear! if I be so!
From my cold heart let Heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck, as it determines so
Dissolve my life!
Together with my brave Egyptians all.

ANT. I am satisfied.

Caesar sits down in Alexandria,
Where I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—dost thou hear, Lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;

I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.

CLEO. That's my brave lord!

ANT. I will be treble, sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the mid-night bell.

CLEO. It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM IN THE PALACE.—(ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
CHARMIAN AND OTHERS.)

ANT. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

CLEO. Sleep a little.

ANT. No my chuck.—Eros, come, mine armour, Eros!

(Enter Eros.)

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Beeause we brave her.—Come.

CLEO. Nay, I'll help to.

What 's this for?

ANT. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this

CLEO. Sooth, la! I'll help. Thus it must be.

ANT. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

EROS. Briefly, sir.

CLEO. Is not this buckled well?

ANT. Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire

More tight at this than thou. Despatch.—O love!

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation; thou shouldst see

A workman in 't.

(Enter Canidius, captains and soldiers.)

CAN. Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to 't with delight.

A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim
And at the port expect you.

DIO. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.
ANT. 'Tis well blown lads.

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Farewell! what e'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss.
You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

(*Exeunt Antony, Eros, officers and soldiers.*)

CHAR. Please you, retire to your chamber.

CLEO. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Caesar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then Antony—but now well, on.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—BEFORE THE PALACE. (ENTER ANTONY, EROS AND CANIDIUS.)

CAN. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
ANT. Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

CAN. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

ANT. Who's gone this morning?

CAN. Who?
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus
He shall not hear thee; or from Caesar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

ANT. What say'st thou?

CAN. Sir,
He is with Caesar.

EROS. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

ANT. Is he gone?

CAN. Most certain.

ANT. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it:
 Detain no jot I charge thee. Write to him
 (I will subscribe) gentle Adieus and greetings:
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master.—O! my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men.—Eros despatch.—Enobarbus!
 (Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—CAESAR'S CAMP BEFORE ALEXANDRIA. (CAESAR,
 AGRIPPA, AND OTHERS.)

CAES. He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
 To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
 He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
 Caesar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know.
 I have many other ways to die; meantime,
 Laugh at his challenge.

MEC. Caesar must think
 When one so great begins to rage he 's hunted
 Even to falling, give him no breadth, but now
 Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
 Made good guard for itself.

CAES. Within our files there are,
 Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late
 Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
 Poor Antony!

Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
 Our will is, Antony be took alive.

Make it so known.

AGR. Caesar, I shall. (Exit.)

CAES. The time of universal peace is near:
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
 Shall bear the olive freely. (Enter Messenger.)

MESS. Antony
 Is come into the field.
 CAES. Go, charge, Agrippa,
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. (Exeunt Caesar and his train.)
 (Enter Enobarbus.)

ENO. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on Affairs of Antony; there did persuade Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar, And leave his master Antony: for this pains Caesar hath hang'd him, Ventidius, and the rest That fell away, have entertainment, but No honorable trust. I have done ill, Of which, I do accuse myself so sorely, That I will joy no more— *(Enter Centurion.)*

CENT. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure with, His bounty over plus the Messenger Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now Unloading of his mules.

ENO. I give it you.

CENT. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true; best you sav'd the bringer Out of the hosts; I must attend mine office Or would have done it myself. Your emperor Continues still a Jove. *(Exit.)*

ENO. I am alone the villain of the earth
And feel I am so most. O Antony!
Thou mine of bounty how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do 't, I feel
I fight against thee?—no: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die: The foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *(Exit.)*

CENT. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny, and they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

SOL. This last day was
A shrewd one to us. *(Enter Enobarbus.)*

ENO. O! bear me witness, night,—

SOL. What man is this?

CENT. Stand close and list him.

ENO. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon
When men revolted shall upon record

Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

SOL. Enobarbus!
CENT. Peace,

ENO. Hark, further.

ENO. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will
May hang no longer on me:

O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular:
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive,
O, Antony! O, Antony!

SOL. The hand of death hath caught him.

SCENE IV.—UNDER THE WALLS OF ALEXANDRIA.

ANT. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guest.—To-morrow
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine: You have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats: Give me thy hand

(Enter Cleopatra attended.)

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world
Chain my arm'd neck: Leap thou, attire and all
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

CLEO. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! Com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANT. My nightingale
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though gray
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

CLEO. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

ANT. He has deserv'd it; were it carbuncled
Like holy Phoebus' car.—Give me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that own them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear:
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE TIMONEUM.

The shirt of Nessus is upon me:

The witch shall die:

To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for't.—Eros, ho! *(Exit.)*

CLEO. Help me, my women! O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield: the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

CHAR. To the monument!

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

CLEO. To the monument!

Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prythee piteously.
And bring me how he takes my death!

To the monument!

(Exeunt.)

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Ay, noble lord!

EROS. ANT. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,
A vapour, sometime, like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs,
They are black vesper's pageants.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANT. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns and makes it indistinct
As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANT. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave,
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
She, Eros, has

Pack'd cards with Caesar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves. *(Enter Mardian.)*

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

MAR. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

ANT. Hence, saucy Eunuch: Peace!
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

MAR. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldest do,
Is done unto thy hand: the last she spoke
Was Antony! most noble Antony!

ANT. Dead then?

MAR. Dead!

ANT. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—Go. (*Exit Mardian.*)

Off, pluck off;—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart.

Apase, Eros, apase.
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly born. (*Exit Eros.*)

From me awhile
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon.
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our spritely port make the ghost gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops.
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros! Eros!

(*Re-enter Eros.*)

Thou art sworn, Eros,
That when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me,
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror that on my command
Thou then wouldest kill me: do't; the time is come
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

ANT. Eros,
Wouldest thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with bleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame.

EROS. I would not see't.

ANT. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

EROS. O, sir! pardon me.

ANT. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent services are all,
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

EROS. Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

ANT. Lo thee!

EROS. My sword is drawn.

ANT. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

ANT. 'Tis said, man; and farewell!

EROS. Farewell, great chief! Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS. Why, there then:—thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

ANT. Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not.

EROS. But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; to do thus
I learn'd of thee.—How! not dead? Not dead?—
The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me! (*Enter Diomedes.*)

DIO. Follow me!

ANT. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword and give me
Sufficient strokes for death.

DIO. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

ANT. When did she send you?

DIO. Now, my lord.

ANT. Where is she?

DIO. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect [dead;
She had dispos'd with Caesar, she sent you word she was
But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread too late.

ANT. Too late, good Diomed. *(Enter some of the guards.)*
Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

Take me up:
I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all!

(Exeunt, bearing Antony dying away.)

A C T VI.

SCENE I.—THE MONUMENT, EXTERIOR. (CLEOPATRA WITH CHARMIAN AND IRAS.)

CLEO. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam!

CLEO. No, I will not.

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise. (*Enter Diomedes.*)

How now? Is he dead?

DIO. His death's upon him, but not dead.

His guard have brought him hither.

(*Enter Antony, borne by the Guard.*)

CLEO. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying: only
I here importune death, awhile until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

CLEO. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side.

CHAR. A heavy sight!

ANT. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world
The noblest, and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countrymen, a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

CLEO. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—
 Our lamp is spent, it's out.—Good sirs, take heart,
 We'll bury him; and then what's brave, what's noble
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

(Exeunt; bearing off Antony's body.)

My desolation does begin to make
 A better life; and it is great
 To do that thing which ends all other deeds,
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change.

(Enter Proculeius and Soldiers.)

IRAS. Royal queen!
 CHAR. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
 CLEO. Quick, quick, good hands.
 PRO. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
 Do not yourself such wrong.
 CLEO. Where art thou death?
 Come hither, come! come! come! and take a queen
 Worth many babes and beggars!

PRO. O! temperance, lady!
 CLEO. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court,
 Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia.
 Shall they hoist me up and shew me to
 The shouting varlety of Censuring Rome?
 Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked and let the water flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!
 PRO. To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,
 If you'll employ me to him.

CLEO. Say, I would die.
(Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.)
 CLEO. Hie thee again. I have spoke already

And it is provided. Go put it to the haste.

CHAR. Madam, I will.

(Exit.)

CLEO. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shewn
In Rome, as well as I!

IRAS. The gods forbid!

CLEO. The quick comedians will present
Our Alexandrian revels.

IRAS. I'll never see it; for I am sure my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes. (Re-enter Charmian.)

CLEO. Why that's the way to fool their preparation.
Now, Charmian?—

Go fetch my best attires;
Show me my woman, like a queen;
I am again for Cydnus, to meet Mark Antony.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.

(Exit Charmian.)

(Enter one of the Guard.)

GUARD. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

CLEO. Let him come in. (Exit Guard.)
He brings me liberty.

(Re-enter Guard, with Clown bringing Basket.)

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid and leave him.— (Exit Guard.)
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

CLOWN. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that
should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal:
those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

CLEO. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

CLOWN. Very many, men and women too.— I heard of one of them
no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but,
something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in
the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it,
what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report
o' the worm; but he that will believe all that they say,
shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is
most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

CLEO. Get thee hence: farewell.

CLOWN. I wish you all joy of the worm.

CLEO. Farewell. [kind.

CLOWN. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his CLEO. Ay, ay; farewell.

CLOWN. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

CLEO. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

CLOWN. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

CLEO. Will it eat me?

CLOWN. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not; but, truly, these same devils do the gods great harm in their women, for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

CLEO. Well, get thee gone: farewell.

CLOWN. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. (Exit.) (Re-enter *Iras and Charmian.*)

CHAR. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The Gods themselves do weep!

CLEO. Come, thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. Oh! couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Caesar, Ass unpolicied.

CHAR. O eastern star!

CLEO. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

CHAR. O, break! O, break!

CLEO. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.—
O Antony!—

CHAR. What should I stay— (Dies.)

CHAR. So fare thee well? Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal!

(Enter the Guard.)

1st GUARD. Where is the queen?

CHAR. Speak softly; wake her not.

1st GUARD. Caesar hath sent—

CHAR. Too slow a messenger.

CURTAIN.

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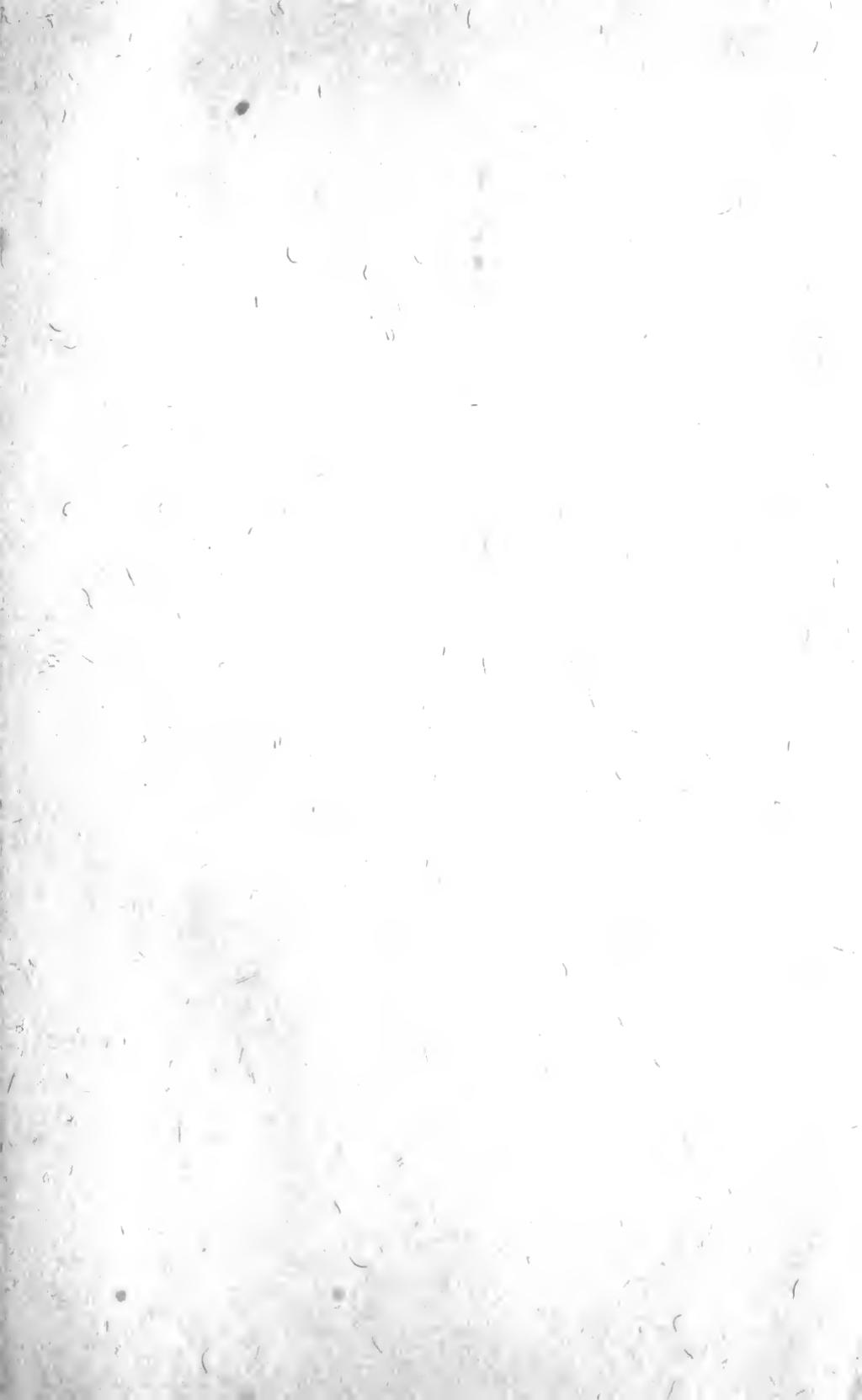
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